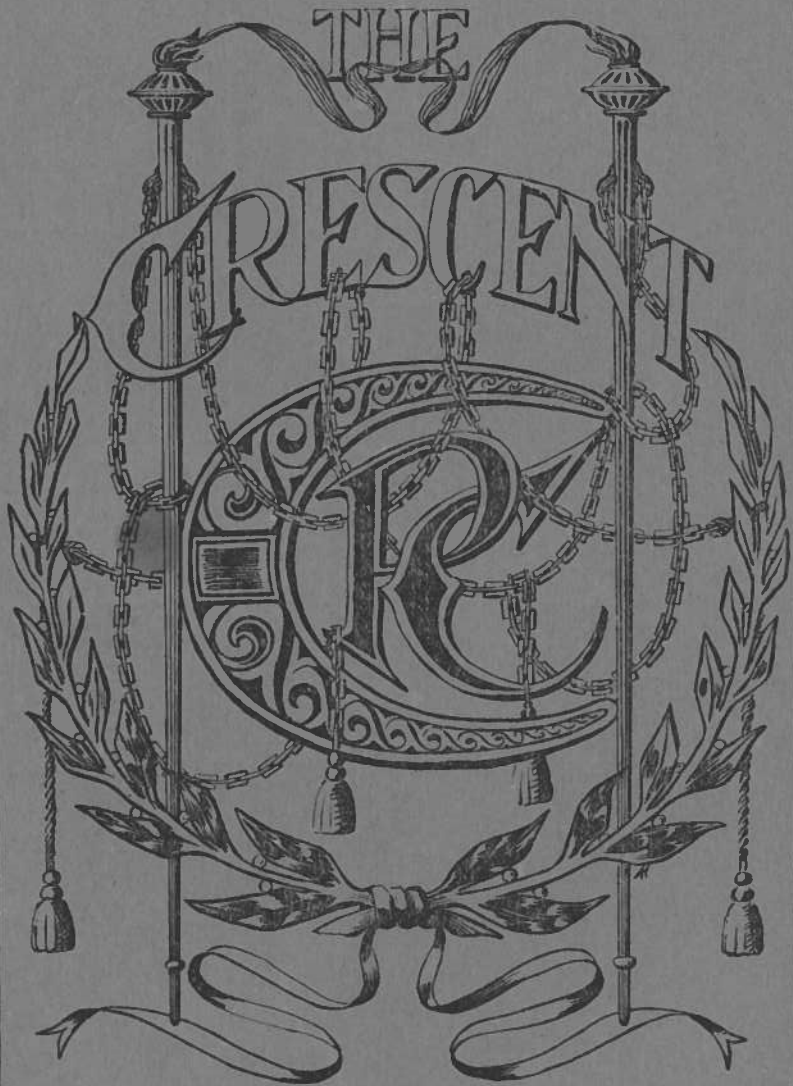


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VOL. XVII

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MARCH

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1906

OREGON

THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVII.

MARCH, 1906.

NO. 5

A Dream.

Doors and windows trembled with mighty gusts
Of the wintry storm outside so wildly raging,
But for things without I gave no thought
For there within a cheery fire was blazing.

I know not why it happened as it did,
But sleep o'ertook me, and surrender's neccessary
When warmth and ease compose the mind
To things midway 'twixt real and visionary.

I slept and dreamt that June was here,
Commencement o'er and studies passed
And the Seniors safe in the big, wide, world
Found there, for them, sweet peace at last.

But the dream ceased as all dreams do
And its joy, conceived, slip't from my clutch
Leaving before me, perplexingly real,
Those fifty lines of unknown Dutch.

'07.

A College Romance.

There is a path which leads to a large oak tree,
standing on the banks of a small stream. The tree is
the largest and oldest of a group of trees which form a
grove on a certain college campus. The path for years
and at all seasons, has been sought by the college pu-
pils. Down under the oak, many a one has poured out
his heart to the stream which, babbling ceaselessly on,
loses itself in the mighty ocean; but, through all it faith-
fully keeps the secrets which it knows.

* * * *

It was fall. The grove in the deepening sunset was bright with its leaves of yellow and red. Under the oak lay a boy—his large, dark eyes gazed unseeing-ly up among the thick branches of the tree. Two robins twittering softly, attempted to attract his attention—but in vain. Turning his face toward the stream, the boy began speaking softly to himself. "Yes," he said, as if in answer to a question, "its nice here. The school is large, and they all treat me 'fine,' but—but—" Then a moment of silence. Mother robin, above, cocked her head carefully on the right side and hopped a branch lower. "But," finally, continued the boy, "her eyes were so sweet; her hair—she let me smoth it sometimes, and oh! she used to smooth mine too, and she always kissed me good-bye, and at night—" With a hard, long sob the boy turned and hid his face in the grass. "What's the matter?" asked father robin. "Is he love-sick?" This had been the robins first summer together and father robin's thoughts constantly run on love. But the mother robin, blinking wisely at him with her bright little eves, answered, "Listen!" Below the lad still sobbed. "Mother! oh mother!" he cried. "No!" chirped mother robin to her mate, "not love-sick, but home-sick. He's a Freshman." After dark, the boy slowly walked back up the path; but the robins cuddling close together, were sung to sleep by the brook's low song:

"Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home.
Oh, there's no place like home."

It was spring—the second spring of the boy's college life. The afternoon was warm and the brook, with its waters yet muddy from the earlier floods, sang lazily. Down the weell-worn path came a young

couple. Her hair was golden, and the blue of her eyes well matched the bright, spring skies. Her dress was a soft green, and she carried a white hat, carelessly, in her hand. It was, indeed, spring to the boy as he walked beside her. His dark eyes were soft and dreamy, but his laugh rang out clear with the girl's. He too, carried his hat in his hand, and the breeze played now with the golden hair of the girl, and now with the darker locks of the boy. Soon they were seated with their backs against the broad trunk of the tree, their feet dangling over the banks of the stream. Inquisitive father robin hopped to the lowest branch, but even there could not hear what they said. Suddenly, the boy bent low, his face close to that of the girl. Then—his cheek stung from a sharp slap, and the girl sprang indignantly away from him. "How dared you?" she cried. The robin heard plainly enough now, "How dared you?" she repeated. "Why, Maud," answered the lad, his face still stinging, "havn't I warned you never to look at me with your mouth in that shape, or I might be tempted to—" "Stop!" said the girl, her face crimsoning, "I hate you!" "Oh no! oh no! you surely don't mean that, Maud," the lad answered, standing up and attempting to take her hand, and failing, kneeling in laughing contrition before her. "I just couldn't help it, so please forgive me." But the girl was running up the path. Half way up she turned—"I hate you!" she called, and ran on. The laughter died from the boy's face, the soft light from his eyes, his lips were set and stern. His gaze was fixed on the running waters of the stream. In spite of apparent effort a sob burst from him. "Oh, is he home-sick?" twittered father robin. Mother robin's head was stretched out over the edge of the nest. "No! love-sick, dear," she said.

"He's a Sophomore." And the brook flowed on, running sympathetically.

It was the next Fall. All day long the campus had been bright with flying banners, and had rung with yells and shouts. But, in the afternoon the shouts increased, at times to a war. Horns tooted and whistles blew, for it was Football Day, and the college was out in full force. The robins had fled in fear and consternation to a safe refuge in the grove. But now after a prolonged series of yells, among which sounded, "We won! We won!" down the path to the great, oak tree came a crowd of cheering and shouting, running and jumping boys and girls. In their midst, high on the shoulders of the boys, sat another, borne along by the impetuous crowd. He was the hero of the day—he had saved the game. At last he was let down at the foot of the tree, the boys slapping his back for very joy, the girls putting out their hands, eager to shake his soiled, grimy one. "Oh come, let's not stay here," finally said one, "We must go back and help with the reception for tonight." And, pell-mell, back they all started. The boy still stood under the tree; in spite of his victory, his eyes were sad. Just then a girl passed him. Her hair was golden and her eyes were blue. She glanced carelessly at the hero, but then suddenly turning, with an impulsive gesture pulled the flowers which she wore from her belt, and threw them at his feet; then she hurried on. The grove, again, was silent. The frightened robins had returned to the tree. "What was all the noise about?" queried father robin. "Football, dear," answered his mate. Below, the boy pressed a bunch of withered flowers to his lips. And he was a Junior. As the silence deepened, the brook's murmur took on a gentle song—"Love, I am lonely!" It sang

over and over as it went on its way.

It was fall a year later. The boy, now a man grown, came slowly down the path. Under his left arm was a stack of books, in his right hand he held an open volume which he read as he walked. So intent was he on what he read that he stumbled and nearly fell into the brook as he came to the old oak tree. Then, with a meditative air, he sat down under the tree. Deep in pursuit of the knowledge to be found in the volumes which he carried, with his fingers occasionally rumpling his dark locks, and his brows wrinkling, he stayed there until early setting sun failed to give him light through the tree-boughs, and warned him that his supper time was passing. Then, gathering up his books, but still keeping his thumb in one, he walked back, muttering strange and profound sentences to himself as he stumbled up the dark path. "He surely is a Senior!" sang mother robin to her mate, but he had gone to sleep long ago. The brook, however, took up her song, "A Senior lad! A Senior lad!" it sang.

It was June. The sun shone in wondrous glory high in the heavens, but the light was subdued by the thick leaves of the trees. Down the path came a couple. His shoes were new and shining; his suit, immaculate; his hair was combed in a hitherto almost impossible smoothness; his head was held high. Her dress was long and thin and white; her golden hair was piled high on top of her head, her hand rested lightly on his arm. They had graduated. When they stopped, she leaned against the trunk of the great oak. One hand held the delicate lace of her gown away from the ground, the other held to a branch above her head. The dark back-ground of the tree showed off well her slender form, her eyes were fixed on the ground; a stray

sunbeam rested on her hair, making it gleam its light. The boy stood near, his gaze fastened on the running stream. Suddenly he looked up and became spell-bound, his large, dark eyes fastened on the picture of the girl before him. She moved restlessly under his gaze, and her hand dropped from the branch. Then, as if compelled, she slowly lifted her eyes, and they met his. For a moment they gazed thus at each other, the dark eyes steady and clear, the blue eyes with their brightness dimmed by gathering tears. Then he held out his arms. An hour later—"Is it love?" twittered father robin, becoming restless. "It is love, dear," sang his mate. Then loud and clear rang the robins' song—for was it not June, indeed? The brook murmuring, as on it sped, seemed to say, "Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; but everything is happy now."

"There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun."

An old man with white hair came through the trees. It was he, who for many years had been the honored president of the college. Now, he mechanically worked his way among the deep drifts, until he reached the old oak tree. Below, the stream had ceased to sing; above the boughs were bare and the birds were gone; all around him lay the white snow. The old man shivered. His shoulders were stooped, his cheeks sunken; his eyes large and dark, burned feverishly; about his hat was a band of black crepe. Suddenly, he dropped on his knees; his face was lifted towards the sky. "Mother! Maude!" he cried, then sank down at the foot of the oak into the soft, cold snow. On his face was a wondrous light; his lips were framed in a smile as he whis-

pered the words that filled his mind:

"O winds! ye are too rough, too rough!
O spring! thou art not long enough
For sweetness; and for thee,
O love! thou still must overpass
Time's low and dark and narrow glass,
And fill eternity."

Then he closed his eyes wearily—he was tired and would rest awhile. A tiny sparrow that had wandered too far from its home-barn, driven by the wind against the oak, fell, stunned, at the feet of the sleeper. Then the wind covered the two forms over with the drifting snow, forming a white, winding sheet. Two days later they found him. But the brook never knew.

RUTH ROMIG '06.

About the Contest.

In the college chapel January 26, was held the annual oratorical contest. A goodly number was present to witness the fray, and a healthy class spirit was made manifest by the audible yelling of Rah Rah and the soft humming of Wah Whos.

Each contestant did well and is worthy of congratulation from his class and from the student body. The following program was rendered:

Vocal Solo,	Invocation, Rev. Gould	Emmer Newby
Oration,	"A Dream," Bartlett	Lewis L. Saunders
Oration,	"The Mainspring of Industry,"	Mary Minthorn
Oration,	"The Gospel of Labor,"	Haines Burgess
Oration,	"Money, its Use and Abuse,"	Prof. J. S. Carrick
Instrumental Solo,	"Silvery Waves," Wyman	Paul Maris
Oration,	"The Patriot of the New Era,"	Ralph W. Rees
Oration,	"The Message of the New World to the Old,"	Alice B. Hayes
Oration,	"Benefits of Adversity,"	Miss Maybelle Edwards
Vocal Solo, selection,	"Creation," Hayden	

The result was announced by President Clough beginning with, third, Lewis Saunders, second, Mary

Minthorn, and first Paul V. Maris.

Mr. Maris received four firsts in this contest, but we firmly believe that he has never yet shown us his best.

W. O. Mendenhall, R. H. Thomas, Mrs. J. T. Smith, Prof. R. W. Kirk, Rev. H. Howard and Supt. Alderman were the judges who by their decision expressed what seemed to be the will of the student body.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Frances Gage, traveling coast secretary, visited our association the last of January.

Miss Gage met the college girls in a mass meeting on Monday evening and spoke to them in a very helpful way. She told of how the Y. W. C. A. originated and of its mission and importance. The regular meetings are always practical and full of interest. Girls, don't miss them.

Tryout Debate.

The tryout debate for the purpose of choosing the College Debating team was held in Society hall Friday evening, February 9. Five members of the Agoreton club took part. The contest was close and there was a division of opinion among the listeners as to who should constitute the lucky three until the decision of the judges was brought in. Walter Miles, Clarence Brown and Lewis Saunders were chosen to compose the team with Ralph Rees as alternate. The judges were Hon. B. C. Miles, Rev. Howard, and Prof. Davis.

The first intercollegiate debate is to occur at Newberg, March 16th, with McMinnville College.

THE CRESCENT.

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 CECIL HOSKINS, '07, Local and Personal
 MARIE HANSON, '06
 RAY PEMBERTON, '06, Exchange.
 LYNN CLOUGH, '08, Athletics.
 RUTH KOMIG '05, Crescent } Literary Societies
 HARVEY SAUNDERS, '10, Junta. }
 RALPH REES, '07, Agoreton.
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The other day we were asked the question, "After all, what benefit have you derived from all this time spent at Pacific College?" The speaker, who, by the way, had a head plentifully sprinkled with gray and is compelled to depend upon ordinary toil for daily bread, then went on to show that money had been spent and years of the most valuable period of life were gone with not a dollar to show for them. Furthermore in his opinion the man who spent four years at college was no better able to cope with this hard old world than the one who entered upon the struggle sooner with a common school education. The opinion was not considered as of extraordinary value, but the question remained. What is it all for? Four years have been spent and at first sight it seems there is very little to show for them. Has it really been worth while? The only way to arrive at a conclusion was to go back

through the intervening years to the well remembered day when the writer, mounting his wheel before the little mountain home with a few clothes strapped to the handle bars before him and with twenty dollars in his pocket, started for the town of Newberg to enter upon the unknown college life. Looking at life as he looked at it then; thinking the thoughts which he thought then seems like a different existence when compared to the present. Life means more now than then. The view is extended in every direction and things are seen in a clearer and better light. It is like viewing the world from a narrow and cloud canopied valley, then climbing to the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence through rifts in the midst we catch glimpses of vast and beautiful regions, of which we never dreamed, regions reaching away off into the blending heavens. They are only glimpses to be sure but glimpses which prove to us that the real is there. Glimpses which give us faint ideas of the infinite grandeur and beauty of the mighty universe of which we are a part. Ideas which lead to thoughts of which we could no more have been capable a few years ago than is the young eagle in the nest capable of soaring above the mountain crest. Has it paid? Yes! The enhanced value of life is not to be measured in dollars and cents.

As to the proposition that an education does not pay financially, just take a look at the alumni pages of the catalogue and see what the graduates are doing today, then draw your own conclusions. A college education does pay, even when considered from the less important standpoint as a financial investment. This is the age of the College Man.

Basketball.

January 12th our Basket Ball team met Willamette University on the home floor. (Just too late to find a place in last month's issue.)

The game was called at 7:10 and soon the score stood 10 to 3 in favor of the home team then the unexpected happened. Willamette made three or four nice plays and the bcys went off the handle and the score was soon tied. At the end of the first half the score stood 12 to 10 in favor of the visiting team. The second half was sharply contested all the way through, but there seemed to be a lack of practice in basket throwing on both sides.

When the end came the score stood twenty to eighteen in favor of Willamette. All the boys did good work and Haworth did especially good work in throwing goals from the foul line. The lineup:

Willamette		Pacific
Gray	F	Pemberton
Grannur	F	Haworth
Whipple	C	Hoskins
Simpson	G	Hodson
Parcel	G	Spaulding
Referee, Matthews		Umpire, Coulson

VANCOUVER VS. PACIFIC COLLEGE.

The basket ball game with the Vancouver Athletic Association Saturday night, January 28, was undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best game ever witnessed on the home floor. With but three hours notice, a good sized and good humored crowd was collected at the college "gym" to witness the game and everyone certainly went away well pleased. The score was

started by Vancouver. Six points were made by them in the first few minutes of play, then things began to change and both teams played basketball in the true sense. The visitors led until the last minute of the first half, when Pacific tied the score 12 to 12 and it remained tied until the close of the half.

The second half was no less interesting. Both teams had rooters galore, and both sides hollowed, whistled, screamed and cheered in every way possible. Pacific took the lead at the beginning of the second half and kept it until the close of the game, leading generally by about two points. The college team showed better team work and played a better game in general than in any other game so far this season. The final score was 25 to 19 in favor of P. C.

The spirit of the players on both sides should be commended. But few fouls were called, and not once was the game delayed by "rag-chewing." The members of both teams played with all their might, and a faster game is seldom seen. Not once was either of the ten men charged with rough play. Such games as this are the ones which put the life in all athletics and should be patterned after as much as possible. The lineup:

Vancouver		Pacific College
Percival	F	W. Pemberton
Sugg	F	Haworth
Johnson	C	Hodson
Du Bois	G	Macy
Sparks	G	Spaulding
Officials, Wilson, Woods.		

The Crescent Society.

The Crescent Literary Society has held some very

interesting meetings in the last few weeks. The programs show more thought on the part of the committees, and in most cases are well carried out. It has been said that "Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." We should all take this view, and, when we are on the program, not let our opportunity slip by. We welcome cordially those who have lately joined us, both new members and old.

Locals.

"Don't lean on an oat straw."

"But her 'eart was true to Pa-(al)."

Everybody wears 'em—glasses.

Ruth Romig and Lenora Parker were out of school a few days last month on account of sickness.

Walter Miles represented P. C. at the meeting of the State Oratorical Association at Albany January 19.

L. P.—"I'm going to have Typhoid."

L. C.—"I hope so."

L. P.—"O! but if I should get sick and die?"

L. C.—"Oh joy!"

Pres. McGrew suffered an attack of the grippe and was unable to meet his classes January 18 and 19.

Miss Carrie Turner '04, and Floyd B. Patty drove down from McMinnville and visited college friends January 26.

Mrs. Wilson of Portland, mother of Arthur Wilson, visited chapel the morning of February 6.

Dollon Kenworthy has been suffering from a trac-

tured foot received in a basket ball practice some time ago, but is able to get around as well as ever now.

A certain Prep student confidently says he is at a loss to know how to proceed with his hand. He first played Low, but realizing that he had by mistake played the Deuce, he quickly followed suit with a King. Neither brought that which he was after—the ace of hearts, and he has been advised to cut it all for a new deal.

Bernice Woodward '06 spent a few days in Portland where she met her sister and brother returning from their eastern trip.

Miss Grace Gardner of Portland High School is visiting friends at college. College beats high school in her estimation. And she's right.

The healthy complexions of certain Senior girls in the northeast corner is due to grape nuts—served at stated times in diminutive quantities.

Prof. Crumley advises a scatterment when we read newspapers in the library. We would suggest a chair a piece in such a case.

When Miss Gage, the Y. W. C. A. secretary visited here, several girls had a picnic lunch in the association room, after which Miss Gage told incidents of her life in Turkey.

Ralph Maris ex '08, now of Portland High School, spent a few days recently with his brother and college friends here.

Leila Littlefield who has been ill, has returned from the hospital and is rapidly improving.

Spring soliloquizing—"He made you and he made a violet; He made me and he made a daisy."

W. M. in history publicly acknowledged himself to be a donkey.

Lewis Saunder's "misfortune" still troubles him.

President in ethics, considering falsehoods—"No I don't consider that a lie, though I don't believe it's true."

M. N.—"He made me and he made a lobster."

A Senior lass and Prep have been freely exercising their gift of tongues. The epistles which pass between them show an unheard of proficiency in unheard of languages.

Ruth in Logic class—"It—is true then I will be true."

L. L. to R. R.—"I am very sorry but I can not go to the game Friday night."

R. R.—"Would it help any if I would tease Uncle Harry?"

+ The President not having time to give all of his chapel talks in the morning, gives private talks in Junta. On Tuesday afternoon several members of Junta were cordially invited to call at the office, Girls, be sure the President is not looking out of the window the next time you play hooky.

Found—A Diamond by one of the Sophomore girls. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

A certain young man went across the way Friday evening, with the excuse of watching the eclipse and forgot to go home until—well—Walter, some people say the eclipse was Thursday evening.

Exchanges.

Two of our fellow students comparing hands—"Mine's dirtier'n your'n." "Huh! you're two years older'n me."

Columbia University has been given \$50,000 to form a professorship in the University of Berlin to be known as the "Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History." The Professorship will be established with the understanding that the German government will likewise establish a German Professorship in Columbia. In this way the two universities will be enabled to annually exchange two of their instructors and thus link the two together in a educational alliance.—Ex.

The Weekly Chemawa American is one of our regular papers. It often contains interesting pieces concerning the Indian life, either now or in the days gone by. The paper dated February 9, contains an interesting letter from the Philippines.

The University Life from Wichita, Kansas, is a very neat paper. Read the article on "The Use and Abuse of College Athletics," in the February number.

The A. H. S. Whirlwind is a creditable paper and is worth your reading.

A few other papers which we are glad to receive are: The Porcupine, The High School Index, Oregon Weekly, Whitman College Pioneer, Weekly Willamette Collegian, The Westonian, Purple and Gold, The Sentiment, The Weekly Index, The Lake Breeze, The Regis, The Earlhamite, The Collegian, M. H. Aerolith and others.

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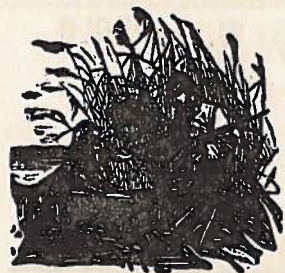
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